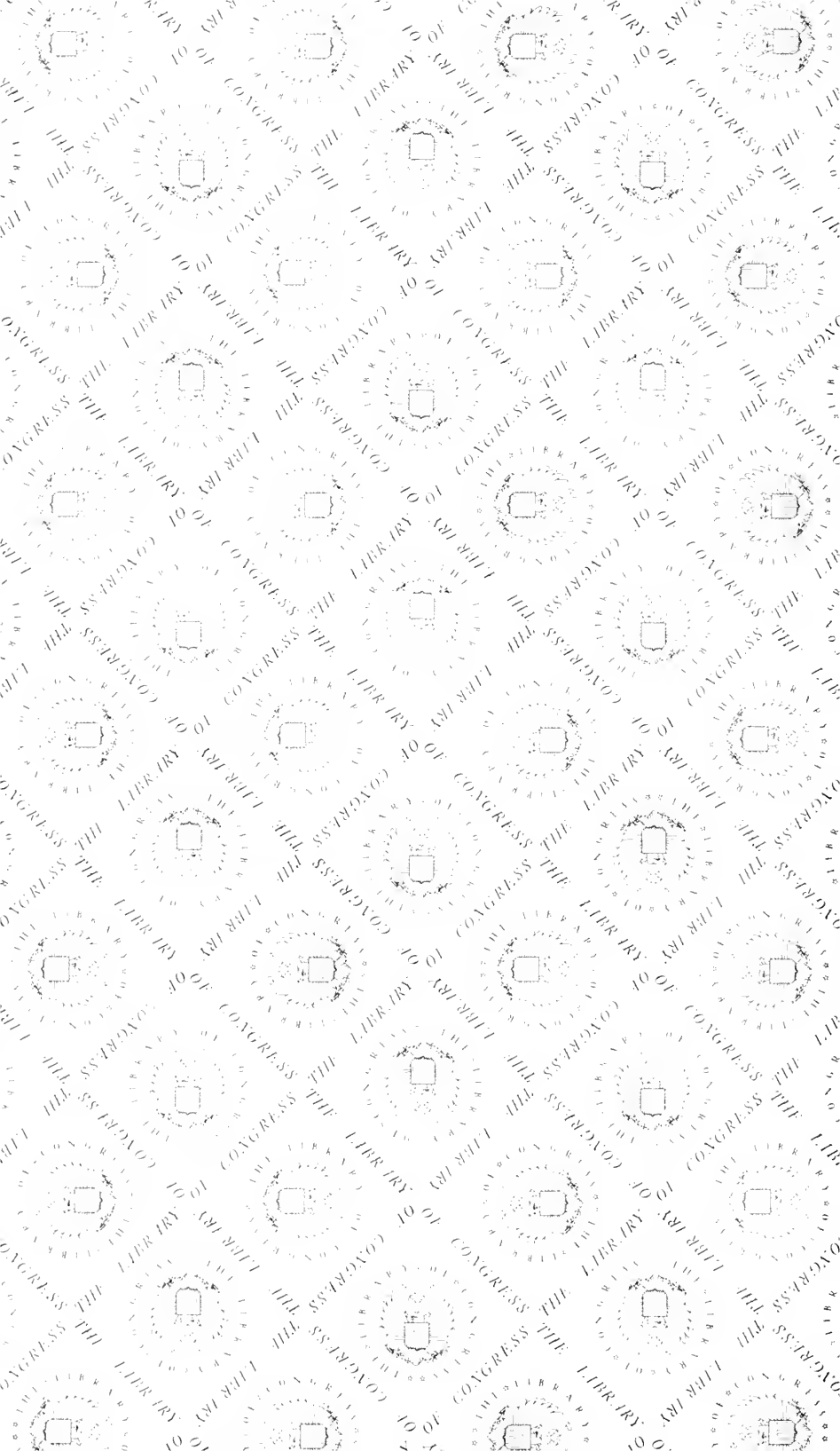


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“THE SETTLEMENT OF BURLINGTON”

AN ORATION

DELIVERED IN THAT CITY, DECEMBER 6, 1877

BY

HENRY ARMITT BROWN

IN COMMEMORATION OF

THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

of its Settlement by the passengers of the good ship Kent,
who landed at Raccoon Creek, Aug. 16th, O. S.,
and laid out the town on Chygoe's Island
“towards ye latter part of ye
8th month,” 1677

PUBLISHED BY RESOLUTION OF THE CITIZENS

BURLINGTON, N. J.

1878



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CORRESPONDENCE.

BURLINGTON, Dec. 12, 1877.

MR. HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

DEAR SIR: The Committee appointed by the President of the Bi-Centennial Committee to request a copy of your Oration delivered at the Bi-Centennial Celebration of the City of Burlington, N. J., on Dec. 6, 1877, would respectfully ask that you would furnish them with the manuscript on as early a day as may suit your convenience.

Yours, with great respect,

FRANKLIN GAUNTT, M.D.,
JAMES O'NEILL,
F. W. MILNOR,
NATHAN HAINES,
L. VAN RENSSELAER, M.D.

113 SOUTH 21ST STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23, 1877.

GENTLEMEN:

In obedience to the very courteous request of your note of the 12th of December, I inclose the MS. of the Oration delivered at Burlington on the afternoon of the 6th, and am

Very truly yours,

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

TO FRANKLIN GAUNTT, M.D.

LEDYARD VAN RENSSELAER, M.D.

JAMES O'NEILL, Esq.

Col. F. W. MILNOR, and

NATHAN HAINES, Esq.

Committee.



1677. Burlington. 1877.
 Bi-Centennial.
 Birch's opera house.
 Admit One.
 Thursday, december sixth.

THE people of Burlington, New Jersey, determined early in the summer of 1877 to celebrate with appropriate services the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the founding of their city. A committee was accordingly formed of the following gentlemen: From the Common Council, James O'Neill, Alexander Martin, Joseph Parish, M.D., James Willits, John A. Vandergrift, and Philip Silpath, Jr. From the Board of Trade and Burlington Exchange, Hon. J. Howard Pugh, M.D., Richard F. Mott, Col. F. W. Milnor, Wm. S. Taylor, Franklin Woolman, C. Ross Grubb, L. Van Rensselaer, M.D., Samuel W. Taylor, Charles E. Allen, and Nehemiah Sleeper; and from the citizens, General E. Burd Grubb, Hon. Caleb G. Ridgway, Alexander Van Rensselaer, Robert B. Carter, Franklin Gauntt, M.D., Rowland J. Dutton, Nathan Haines, J. Oliver Glasgow, J. S. Adams, D.D.S., and George I. Miller. Upon organization, this body divided itself into the necessary sub-committees and chose the following officers: President, Hon. J. Howard Pugh, M.D.; Vice-President, Hon. Caleb G. Ridgway; Secretary, Nehemiah Sleeper; Corresponding Secretary, J. Oliver Glasgow; and Treasurer, James O'Neill. As the settlement of the town had taken place "toward ye latter part of ye 8th month 1677" (old style) according to the affidavits of Wm. Matlack and other first settlers preserved in the Records of the Surveyor-General's

office in Broad Street, it was the intention of the Committee to celebrate the event late in October or early in November, but Henry Armitt Brown, of Philadelphia, who had accepted the duty of delivering the Oration, was called to Europe suddenly in July. The Committee determined, therefore, to await his return, and on his arrival home on the 16th of November, Thursday, the 6th of December, was fixed upon, and every arrangement made accordingly. The 5th of December was a stormy day, but on the following morning the rain ceased, the clouds broke, and the weather became extremely beautiful. At a very early hour special as well as regular trains brought numbers of invited guests from Philadelphia, Trenton, and all parts of New Jersey, and the roads in the neighborhood were full of vehicles of all descriptions. Never in the history of Burlington had the city been so full of strangers, and by ten o'clock the streets on the line of the procession were crowded. Bunting hung in all directions from the houses, many of which were decorated with evergreens and flowers; the chime of St. Mary's Church played in the morning, at noon, and in the afternoon, and a salvo of one hundred guns marked the rising and setting of the sun. The procession was formed in Main Street at half past ten, under the command of General E. Burd Grubb, Chief Marshal, and a staff consisting of Franklin Gauntt, M.D., and Messrs. Nathan Haines, E. R. Ellison, and D. G. Walker. The column was headed by fifty citizens on horseback led by Mr. George G. Felton, assisted by Messrs. Brewin, Dubel, and Taylor. The Chief Marshal, Gen. Grubb, followed with his staff, and then in order the Burlington Band, Company F (of Beverly), Captain Eckendorff, 6th Reg.; Company A (of Burlington), Captain Phillips, 6th Reg.; Company F (of Mt. Holly), Capt. Barrows, of the Seventh Regiment N. J. State Militia; the Vincenttown Band, Chief Engineer Jeffries and Assistants, and visiting Chiefs, Fire Company No. 25 of Philadelphia, National Cornet Band, Endeavor Extinguisher Co. dragging their old hand engine; Drum Corps, Good Intent Fire Company of Mount Holly, Hope Fire Engine Co. of Burlington, the Smithville Band, Young America Fire Co. of Burlington, Winkler's Band, Hand-in-Hand Fire Co. of Trenton, McClurg's Band, Bristol Fire Co. with Pioneer Corps, Mitchell Fire Co. of Burlington, and the Junior and Senior Orders of American

Mechanics. The procession, which was much the largest and most elaborate ever seen in Burlington, was closed by citizens in carriages.

Before three o'clock in the afternoon the new Opera House (but recently finished by Mr. Birch) was filled to overflowing. Admission was by ticket, but before the exercises began the parquet and gallery were densely packed. The stage had been reserved for the officers of the day, the Bi-Centennial Committee, the officials of the city, and distinguished guests. Among the latter were the Rt. Rev. Wm. Henry Odenheimer, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Northern New Jersey, and the Rt. Rev. John Scarborough, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Southern New Jersey, the Very Rev. George H. Doane, Roman Catholic Vicar-General of Newark, and many eminent representatives of other communions, the Hon. Joel Parker, and the Hon. W. D. Newell, Ex-Governors of New Jersey, the Hon. J. C. Ten Eyck, Ex-Senator of the United States, and other prominent men. On the right and left of the stage were tables for the representatives of the Press. At three o'clock the immense meeting was called to order by the President of the Day, Hon. J. Howard Pugh, M. D., Member of Congress from the Second District of New Jersey, and Bishop Odenheimer, in his Episcopal robes, opened the exercises with prayer. Vocal music by an octette of the Orpheus Club of Philadelphia followed. Dr. Pugh next made a short and admirable address, and, after another song had been sung, introduced Henry Armitt Brown, who delivered his Oration. At its close Franklin Gauntt, M. D., offered the following resolutions:—

1. "*Resolved*, That the citizens of Burlington unite in a vote of thanks to Mr. Henry Armitt Brown, the Orator of the Day, for his interesting, valuable, and historic address, which so graphically describes the early settlement, progress, and growth of Burlington as one of the oldest Christian towns in this country.

2. "*Resolved*, That the Chairman of the Bi-Centennial Committee be directed to appoint a Committee to request of Mr. Brown a copy of his Oration for publication.

3. "*Resolved*, That our thanks are cordially tendered to the Orpheus Club, for their generous contribution to our edification and pleasure by their delightful rendition of choice songs and ballads.

4. "*Resolved*, That the thanks of the citizens of Burlington are due, and are hereby tendered to the members of the Bi Centennial Committee, and more especially to the Committee of Arrangement, for their unremitting exertions in conducting the entire celebration to a successful and creditable conclusion."

The resolutions having been unanimously adopted by a rising vote, the vast audience dispersed about six o'clock P. M.

Many of the houses of the citizens, which had been hospitably opened to strangers all the day, continued so during the evening, and the celebration closed with an illumination, which was general.





ORATION.

THERE are few events in American history more interesting than that which we commemorate to-day. There are few stories more honorable than that which I shall have to tell. The sun which has broken through the clouds of this morning with such unexpected and auspicious splendor, has rarely looked down upon an anniversary more worthy to be observed than this which marks the peaceful planting of a people—the founding of a free and happy Commonwealth. The life of old Burlington has been a modest one. She sings no epic song of hard-fought fields and gallant deeds of arms; she tells no tales of conquest, of well-won triumphs, of bloody victories. Seated in smiling meadows and guarded by the encircling pines, her days have been full of quietness and all her paths of peace. The hand of Time has touched her forehead lightly. The centuries have flown by so softly that she has hardly heard the rustle of their wings. The stream of years has flowed before her feet as smoothly as the broad bosom of her own great

river by whose banks she dwells. But her history is none the less worthy to be remembered, for it is full of those things which good men rejoice to find in the character of their ancestors—of a courage meek but dauntless, a self-sacrifice lowly but heroic, a wisdom humble and yet lofty, a love of humanity that nothing could quench, a devotion to liberty that was never shaken, an unfaltering and childlike faith in God. And it is right that it be remembered by those who enjoy the blessings which such qualities have won. “I wish,” wrote one who had witnessed the beginning, describing in her old age the dangers and trials of her youth, “I wish they that come after may consider these things.”* Seven score years have gone since that was written. The heart that held that hope has long been still. The hand that wrote those words has been motionless for more than a century, and the kindred to whom they were addressed have vanished from the earth. But here to-day in that ancient town, strangely unaltered by the changes of two centuries—here amid scenes with which those venerable eyes were so familiar—we who have “come after” have assembled to fulfil that pious wish—to “consider those things” with reverence and gratitude, and take care that they be

* Account of Mary Murfin Smith in Baxter and Howe's N. J. Hist. Coll., p. 90. Mrs. Smith came with her parents while yet a child. She was drowned in 1739.

held hereafter in eternal remembrance and everlasting honor.

The causes which led to the event which it is my duty to describe to-day are to be found in one of the most interesting periods of English history. The attempt of Charles I. to secure for the Crown a power which not even the pride of Henry VIII. had claimed had ended in disastrous failure. Conquered by his people, the unfortunate monarch had paid for his folly with his life—a victim less of political hatred than of that personal distrust which his frequent want of faith had planted in the breast of friends and foes—and England was nominally at peace. In reality, however, she continued in commotion. The excesses into which their triumph over their king and his party not unnaturally led the victors were soon over, and already, in 1650, the reaction had set in which was destined to lead the country backward to the Restoration. But the passions into which the civil wars had thrown all classes would not easily cool. The struggle of the Cavalier and the Roundhead was not like that in which two great sections of a vast country—each in itself a unit—are pitted against each other. It aroused feelings far more personal and bitter. Families were divided amongst themselves, and every man was in arms against his neighbor. No single county had borne the brunt of a war which had involved all

alike, ravaged the whole country, and brought desolation to half the hearths in England; and, though peace might be proclaimed, some of the spirits which it had called up would not down even at the bidding of such a man as Cromwell. Feared at home and abroad, and armed with an authority which belonged less to his office than to himself, the victor of Worcester could govern his turbulent countrymen, but pacify and unite them he could not. It might have been possible had their differences been simply political, but a deeper feeling entered into all the actions of that time. It was the age of politico-religious fanaticism. The Cavalier and the Roundhead, the Royalist and the Republican, had they been nothing more, might have been made to sit down in peace together under a liberal and strong government, which, though it represented the peculiar ideas of neither, expressed in its actions many of the views of both. But Baptist, Presbyterian, and Independent, Protestant and Roman Catholic no man could reconcile, and between the many sects which the spirit of free inquiry had bred in the heat of those fanatic days the most vigorous ruler England had ever seen had hard work to keep the peace. It is not easy in these colder, calmer times to understand the polemic spirit of that age. It had arisen suddenly and grown with amazing speed, and the transition from the manners of the

time when the graceful Buckingham had set the fashion to those of a day in which the psalm-singing soldier of Cromwell stood guard before Whitehall, was as extraordinary as it had been startling and abrupt. Religion now was the main-spring of men's actions, the subject of their talk, the basis of their politics, the object of their lives; it is strange that religious liberty remained yet to be contended for. Too near to the Reformation to have escaped its spirit, and not far enough from Philip and Mary's day to have forgotten the crimes committed in their name—of which indeed he had had beneath his eyes a constant reminder in the scenes of which Holland had been the theatre for more than sixty years—the Englishman of 1650 was sincerely and aggressively a Protestant, and it might naturally have been expected that religious freedom would in his mind have gone hand-in-hand with the civil liberty for which he had recently gained such splendid and substantial triumphs. But such was not the case. Free from political tyranny from within, he would not brook even the semblance of interference in religious matters from without, but, in the fierce controversies of Englishmen with each other, liberty of conscience meant to the zealous theologian of that day—when all men claimed to be theologians—only the right of all other men to yield their own opinions and agree with him. It was soon ob-

served that the sincere bigotry of the Roman Catholic and the proud intolerance of the English Churchman had only given place to a fervent but narrow piety, which, like them, would brook no opposition, mistook differences of opinion for hostility, and watched all other creeds with a jealous and unchristian eye. Forgetful of the truth that all cannot think alike, mixing essentials and non-essentials in blind confusion, and armed with the cant and loose learning of the day, men went forth to controversy as the knights errant of an earlier and more chivalric, but not more zealous, age went forth to battle. Each sect became a political party, and every party a religious sect. Each in its turn, according to its power, persecuted the others, and all united to persecute the Quakers.

I have no time to-day to describe the rise of the Society of Friends. Considered only as a political event and in its bearing upon the struggle for civil and religious liberty, it is a strange chapter in the history of progress, and it is one of the peculiar glories of those whom the world calls Quakers, that without justice to their achievements such a history would be incomplete.* It was in the midst of the stormiest years of the civil war that George Fox began his ministry. An humble youth watching his flocks by night in the fields of Not-

* *Vide* Bancroft's Hist. U. S., vol. ii. chap. xvi.

tingham, he had heard, as he believed, the voice of God within him, and seen afar off the star that was to become the beacon of his chosen people. That light shining impartially on all; that voice speaking to the hearts of all alike; God and the soul of man in close communion—the Creator and the humblest of His creatures face to face—here was at last the scheme of a spiritual democracy striving to lead all men in a single pathway, and unite the nations under the same promise of salvation. A mystery even to himself, and believing that he was divinely appointed, Fox went forth to preach to his countrymen the new gospel founded on freedom of conscience, purity of life, and the equality of man.* The times were ripe for such a mission. The public mind was like tinder, and the fire that came from the lips of the young enthusiast soon set England in a blaze. The people flocked to hear him, and his enemies became alarmed. Here was not only a new religious creed, but a dangerous political doctrine. Here was an idea, that, once embodied in a sect, would strike a blow at caste and privilege, and shake the very foundations of society. But nothing availed to tie the tongue of Fox or cool the fervor of his spirit. Threatened, fined, and beaten, he turned neither to the right hand nor to the left. Often

* *Vide* Fox's Life, Barclay's Apology, Gough and Sewell, Besse, and Penn's Witness.

imprisoned, he was released only to set forth again undaunted.

His followers rapidly increased, and the sober yeomanry of England began to abandon all and follow him. At Cromwell's death the Quakers were already a numerous people. At the Restoration they had grown to dangerous proportions. Obnoxious naturally to all parties, there were reasons why they incurred especial hatred. Their refusal to fight, to take an oath, to pay tithes or taxes for the repairs of churches, or acknowledge the authority of the priesthood, their determination to worship God publicly and proclaim the truth abroad, aroused the hatred of the Church, angered all other sects, and brought against them the penalties of the existing law, while their simple but unwavering determination not to take off their hats, "not for want of courtesy," as they said, but as a symbol of their belief in man's equality, gained for them the suspicious hostility of those whose privileges such a principle would utterly destroy.

Against them, therefore, was directed the vengeance of all parties and of every sect. Under all governments it was the same, and the Quaker met with even worse treatment from the Puritan government of New England than he had received from either the stern republican of Cromwell's time, or the gay courtier of the Restoration.

Though his hand was lifted against no man, all men's were laid heavily on him. Everywhere he was exposed to persecution and nowhere understood. His religion was called fanaticism, his courage stubbornness, his frugality avarice, his simplicity ignorance, his piety hypocrisy, his freedom infidelity, his conscientiousness rebellion. In England the statutes against Dissenters, and every law that could be twisted for the purpose, were vigorously enforced against him.* Special ones were enacted for his benefit, and even Charles II., from whose restoration they, in common with all men, expected some relief—good-natured Charles, who in general found it as hard to hate his enemies as to remember his friends; too indolent, for the most part, either to keep his word or lose his temper—took the trouble to exclude the Quakers by name from all indulgence.† During the Long Parliament, under the Protectorate, at the Restoration—for more than thirty years—they were exposed to persecution, fined, turned out of doors, mobbed, stoned, beaten, set in the stocks, crowded in gaols in summer, and kept in foul dungeons without fire in the winter time, to be released at last and sold into colonial bondage.‡ But though

* *Vide* Bancroft's Hist. U. S., vol. ii. chap. xvi.

† Letter of the King to the Massachusetts Government.

‡ *Vide* Williamson's North Carolina. In one vessel, in March, 1664, sixty Quaker convicts were shipped for America. *Vide* also Besse and Fox's Journal, Anno 1665.

they fought no fight, they kept the faith. Whatever history may record of their lives; whatever learning may think of their attainments; whatever philosophy may say of their intelligence; whatever theology may hold about their creed; whatever judgment a calmer posterity, in the light of a higher civilization and a freer age, may pass upon their actions, none can deny that they were men who sought the faith with zeal, believed with sincerity, met danger with courage, and bore suffering with extraordinary fortitude. Gold had no power to seduce, nor arms to frighten them. "They are a people," said the great Protector, "whom I cannot win with gifts, honors, offices, or places."* Dragged from their assemblies, they returned; their meeting-houses torn down, they gathered on the ruins. Armed men dispersed them, and they came together again. Their enemies "took shovels to throw rubbish on them, and they stood close together, willing to be buried alive witnessing the Lord."† And when in one of their darkest hours their comrades lay languishing in prison, the rest marched in procession to Westminster Hall to offer themselves to Parliament as hostages for their brethren.

I know of few things in the history of the English race more noble than this act. No poet

* Bancroft's Hist. U. S., vol. ii. p. 345. Fox's Journal, p. 162.

† Bancroft's Hist., vol. ii. p. 355. Barclay, 356, 483, 484.

has made it the subject of his eulogy, and even the historians of civil and religious liberty have passed it by. But surely never did the groined arches of that ancient hall look down upon a nobler spectacle. They had seen many a more splendid and brilliant one, but none more honorable than this. They had looked down on balls and banquets, and coronations and the trial of a king, but never, since they were hewn from their native oak, did they behold a sight more honorable to human nature than that of these humble Quakers grouped below. They had rung with the most eloquent voices that ever spoke the English tongue, but never heard before such words as these. (Let me repeat them here to-day, for amongst those that spoke them were men that founded Burlington): “In Love to our Brethren,” they say to Parliament, “that lie in Prisons and Houses of Correction and Dungeons, and many in Fetters and Irons, and have been cruelly beat by the cruel Gaolers, and many have been persecuted to Death and have died in Prisons and many lie sick and weak in Prison and on Straw”—we “do offer up our Bodies and Selves to you, for to put us as Lambs into the same Dungeons and Houses of Correction, and their Straw and nasty Holes and Prisons, and do stand ready a Sacrifice for to go into their Places, that they may go forth and not die in Prison as many of the Brethren are dead

already. For we are willing to lay down our Lives for our Brethren and to take their Sufferings upon us that you would inflict on them.
 * * * And if you will receive our Bodies, which we freely tender to you, for our Friends that are now in Prison for *speaking the Truth* in several places; for *not paying Tithes*; for *meeting together* in the Fear of God; for *not Swearing*; for *wearing their Hats*; for *being accounted as Vagrants*; for *visiting Friends*, and for Things of a like Nature. We, whose Names are hereunto subscribed, being a sufficient Number, are waiting in Westminster-hall for an Answer from you to us, to answer our Tenders and to manifest our Love to our Friends and to stop the Wrath and Judgment from coming to our Enemies.”*

Well done, disciple of the shoemaker of Nottingham! No prince or king ever spoke braver words than these! What matter if your Parliament send back for answer soldiers with pikes and muskets to drive you out into the street? Go forth content! What if your brethren languish and die in gaol? You shall not long be parted. What if the times be troubled and nights of sorrow follow days of suffering? They cannot last forever. What if the heathen rage and the swords of the wicked be drawn against you? The peace

* *Vide* Preface to Joseph Besse's *Sufferings of the Quakers*, vol. i. p. iv.

within you they cannot take away. The world may note you little and history keep no record of your life. Your kindred may pass you by in silence and your name be unremembered by your children. No man may know your resting place. But what of that? You have done one of those things that ennoble humanity—and by One, at least, who saw it, you will not be unrewarded nor forgotten!

Such was the condition of affairs when the opportunity of the Quakers arose out of the necessities of their enemies. Between the Dutch New Netherlands and the English colony of Virginia lay a noble river draining a fertile and pleasant land. Hudson had discovered it in 1609, and the following year the dying Lord De la Warr had bequeathed to it his name. For thirty years the three Protestant nations of Europe had contended for its shores, each victorious in its turn, until, at length, the dominion of the Dutchman and the Swede came to an end forever, and the flag of England floated in triumph over their few and feeble settlements.*

It was at this time, in the year 1664, that the

* I cannot but regret the necessity which compelled me to pass by in a paragraph the forty years which followed the expedition of Capt. Mey. Some future historian of Pennsylvania will find them full of fascinating materials. Isaac Mickle's *Reminiscences of Old Gloucester* is well worth reading in this connection.

Duke of York, afterward James the II., eager to mend his fortunes, persuaded King Charles II. to give him a large share of the newly-acquired territory in America. It was hardly yet subdued, but Charles carelessly complied. In a patent, the date of which reveals the Duke's haste to secure the grant, the King conveyed to his brother all that territory which may be roughly described as lying between Delaware Bay and the Canadian border. Hardly had the ink become dry upon this parchment when James himself, in consideration of "a competent sum of money," sold what is now known as New Jersey to two of his friends, Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkeley. England was now full of colonization schemes. The rude interruption of the civil war was over, and men began to remember the days when Smith and Raleigh were wont to return from America with glowing descriptions of what they had seen in that mysterious country. A sterner age had followed, and few now perhaps cherished the golden visions which had led those brilliant adventurers into the exploits which have immortalized their names, but there still lived in the Englishman of the seventeenth century the love of adventure, and the desire to spread the dominion of the Crown, and America lay before him an attractive field. The failure of Sir Edmund Ployden to carry out his romantic and

fantastic plan of building up a power called New Albion, of which he assumed in advance the title of Earl Palatine,* taught an unheeded lesson, and dreams of future empire continued to dazzle many an English mind. But years passed by without result. Carteret, the younger of the new proprietors, managed to plant some settlements in Eastern Jersey, where to this day the city of Elizabeth perpetuates the name of his accomplished wife, and a few Englishmen from Connecticut found a precarious foothold on the banks of the Delaware, but for the most part all attempts to encourage immigration ended in expensive failure. As it had been with Massachusetts it was with Pennsylvania and the Jerseys. The foot of the adventurer was not suffered to rest in peace upon soil destined by the Almighty for a nobler purpose than to enrich the unworthy or mend the broken fortunes of an English nobleman. The fingers which had grasped so eagerly the choice places of the New Continent were quickly to be loosened, and the wilderness kept ready as a place of refuge for an oppressed and persecuted people.

After ten years of thankless efforts and unprofitable ownership, and too old to hope for a realization of his plans, my Lord Berkeley became

* *Vide* Mickle's Reminiscences of Old Gloucester, p. 24; Beauchamp Plantagenet's Description of New Albion, in the Philadelphia Library.

anxious to be rid of his province, and offered it for sale. The opportunity was a rare one for the Quakers. To America they had naturally looked as a place to which they might escape and bear with them in peace their peculiar principles and creed. In that distant country they might, it seemed to them, worship God according to their consciences. Three thousand miles of sea (ten times as great a distance then as now) would lie between them and their enemies, and in the wilderness, at least, with trial and privation would dwell peace.

For a while, indeed, they were deterred by a sentiment that was natural to men of English blood. Persecution, thought some of them, ought not to be avoided. The trials, the sufferings, the dangers to which they were exposed it was their duty to meet, and not to shun. Let us endure these things for the glory of the truth, and not try, like cowards, to avoid them. Let us bear this burden ourselves, nor leave it for others to take up. This unwillingness to flee before the face of persecution held them for some time resolute and firm. But, at length, another sentiment prevailed. It sprang from the thought that others were destined to come after them. There is nothing more remarkable in the history of this country than the fact that those who settled it seem everywhere alike to have been moved by the belief that they

acted, not for themselves, but for posterity. Not for himself alone did the Pilgrim embark upon the Mayflower: not for himself alone did the Puritan seek a shelter on the bleak shores of Massachusetts: not for himself only did Roger Williams gather his little colony at the head of Narragansett Bay; and the same faith that he was building in the wilderness a place of refuge for the oppressed forever led the stern Quaker out of England. Not for us, but for the sake of them that shall come after us. This was the faith that sustained them without a murmur through all the horrors of a New England winter; that kept their courage up while the Connecticut Valley rang with the warwhoop of the Indian; that raised their fainting spirits beneath the scorching rays of a Southern sun; that made them content and happy in the untrodden forests of New Jersey.

“The settlement of this country,” writes one who witnessed it, “was directed by an impulse on the spirits of God’s people, not for their own ease and tranquillity, but rather for the posterity that should be after them.”*

Proud may we justly be, Americans, of those who laid the foundations of our happiness. I know of no people who can point to a purer and

* Thomas Sharp’s Mem. in Newton Mo. Mtg. Records. *Vide* Bowden’s Hist. of Friends, p. 16.

less selfish ancestry—of no nation that looks back to a nobler or more honorable origin.

There were many reasons why our forefathers, when at last they had convinced themselves that it was right for them to emigrate, should have turned their eyes upon New Jersey. The unrelenting Puritan had long ago shut in their faces the doors of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth Colony. New York had already been appropriated by the Dutch, and the followers of Fox could find little sympathy among those who had established settlements within the wide borders of the Old Dominion. Besides, George Fox himself had travelled across New Jersey two or three years before. He had seen the beauty of the South River and the majestic forests that lined its shores. The Swedes and Dutch upon its banks were few in number, and of a peaceful disposition, and the Indians, its natives, were noted for their gentleness. The river of Delaware was universally described as a “goodly and noble river”—the soil was rich and fertile, “the air,” as was soon to be written, was “very delicate, pleasant, and wholesome, the heavens serene, rarely overcast, bearing mighty resemblance to the better part of France.”* Just at this time the property of Lord Berkeley

* Gabriel Thomas’s Description of Pennsylvania and West Jersey, published in 1698, p. 7.

was offered for sale. The wealthier men among the Friends saw the opportunity and Edward Byllynge and John Fenwick became its purchasers. A devoted Friend, Byllynge had been one of those who offered themselves as hostages at Westminster in 1659. He had suffered like all the rest, but had continued to be thought a man of property. But times were hard, and when the conveyance came to be made the name of John Fenwick, as trustee, was substituted for that of Byllynge, and after a little while all the interest of the latter was given up for the benefit of creditors to three trustees, Gawen Lawrie, Nicholas Lucas, and William Penn. Now for the first time in American history appears the name of that great man whom, in the words of Lord Macaulay, who viewed him with mistaken and unfriendly eye, "a great Commonwealth regards with a reverence similar to that which the Athenians felt for Theseus and the Romans for Quirinus."* It is interesting to remark, as one reads of the reluctance with which he assumed this task, how directly Penn's connection with the settlement of Burlington led to the founding of Pennsylvania.

It was now the year of Grace 1675. John Fenwick, a soldier of the civil war and now a Quaker (whose memory has been recently preserved by

* Macaulay's Hist. of England, vol. i. p. 394.

the pen of a Jerseyman*), soon set sail with his family and a small company of Friends. Entering the Capes, after a prosperous voyage, he landed on the Eastern Shore at a “pleasant, rich spot,” to which, in memory of its peaceful aspect, he gave the name of Salem—an appellation which that quiet town has continued to deserve even unto this day. Two years of comparative inaction followed. Troublesome disputes between Fenwick and Byllynge, which it required all the authority and address of Penn to settle, threatened destruction to the colony. But at length these came to an end, and the settlement began in earnest. There were important things to be done at the beginning. First, the province had to be divided by agreement with the owner of the other half, and this was not accomplished until 1676. A line was provided to be drawn northward from Egg Harbor to the Delaware dividing the province into two. The eastern part was taken by Sir George Carteret; the other by the trustees, who gave it the name of West New Jersey. Penn and his agents next divided their share into one hundred parts, of which they assigned ten to Fenwick and ninety to the creditors of Byllynge. But their most

* Hon. John Clement, of Haddonfield, N. J., to whom I am indebted for kind suggestions in the preparation of this address. A full account of the relations of Fenwick and Byllynge may be found in his valuable History of Fenwick’s Colony.

important duty was to frame a constitution for the new country. This was no easy task. None of these men were legislators. Neither by birth nor election had they enjoyed the advantages of experience in the legislative bodies of their country. They were not generally men of reading or education (with the exception of Penn), nor of that training which is usually essential to true statesmanship. Nor in those days had the making of free constitutions been a frequent task. He who attempted it entered an unknown and dangerous country, full of disappointments. Lucas and Lawrie were men of business little known; Penn was a youth of two-and-thirty, and among all their associates there were few who had knowledge and none who had experience of Statecraft. But they were animated by the truest spirit of philanthropy, by the sincerest love of liberty, by the warmest devotion to what they understood to be the command of God. And they were, after all, worthy to lay the foundations of a free and humane government. Independence of thought, Freedom of person, Liberty of conscience: these were the things they all believed in and for them they were ready to make any sacrifice. For liberty they had suffered each and all. For it, men like them had scorned danger and gone chanting into battle. For the sake of it they had even welcomed the horrors of civil war. For it they had charged their brethren

at Naseby and ridden rough-shod over their kindred upon Marston Moor. And now they were ready, if the day were lost at home, to abandon all and seek it beyond the sea. On liberal principles, then, did they naturally determine to build up their new government in the wilderness, where a century afterward their children, for whom they were making so many sacrifices, were destined to fight over again the same battle with an equal courage and devotion. Little did they dream—those stern yet gentle men of peace—when they gave to their infant Commonwealth freedom from all taxation except what its own Assemblies should impose, that a hundred years later England would rise up, sword in hand, to take it back; that for the sake of a principle, which they never thought to call in question, the little town which they were about to found would one day tremble at the roar of contending cannon, and the banks of Delaware be stained with English blood! Could they have been permitted to foresee the struggle that was yet to come they could not more wisely have prepared posterity to meet it. First, they created an Executive and Legislative power; the former to be chosen by the latter, the Assembly by the people, voting to be by ballot, and every man capable to choose and to be chosen. Each member of the Assembly they agreed “hath liberty of speech,” and shall receive for wages *one* shilling a

day, "that thereby he may be known as the *servant* of the people." No man shall be imprisoned for debt nor, without the verdict of a jury, deprived of life, liberty or estate, "and all and every person in the province shall, by the help of the Lord and these fundamentals, be free from oppression and slavery." The Indian was to be protected in his rights and the orphan brought up by the State. Religious freedom in its broadest sense was to be secured, and no one "in the least punished or hurt, in person, estate or privilege, for the sake of his opinion, judgment, faith, or worship toward God in matters of religion; for no man nor number of men upon earth have power to rule over men's consciences."* "Such," writes one who, though an alien to their blood and of an hostile creed, could do them justice, "is an outline of the composition which forms the first essay of Quaker legislation, and entitles its authors to no mean share in the honor of planting civil and religious liberty in America."† Happy would it have been for the children of those simple-minded men had they never departed from ideas so true, so wise, and so humane!

The authors of this document, adopted and signed on the 3d of March, 1676, seem to have seen the

* Smith prints this remarkable document in full in the appendix to his *History of New Jersey*, p. 512.

† *Hist. of the U. S.*, by James Grahame, LL.D., vol. i. p. 475.

goodness of their handiwork. "There," they cry in words which are at once a prophesy and a confession of faith, "we lay a foundation for after ages to understand their liberty, as men and Christians, that they may not be brought in bondage but by their own consent. *For we put the power in the people.*"*

So much, then, for this government on paper. Where now are the men to put it into execution? They come from two different parts of England. Amongst the creditors of Byllynge were five Friends who dwelt in Yorkshire. Persecutions had been very severe in that county, and York Castle at one time contained a large number of prominent Friends.† Amongst these latter were five heads of families who were glad to join the creditors of Byllynge in their new plan for settling West Jersey, and a company was speedily formed amongst them, which was known as the Yorkshire Company. It was thus that the names of Clayton, Ellis, Hancock, Helmsley, Stacy, and Wetherill first came to be transported into Jersey. Meantime another company was forming in the vicinity of

* Letter of Penn and the others to Hartshorne, London, 6th mo. 26th, 1676; Smith's Hist. of N. J., p. 80.

† Wm. Clayton, Richard Hancock, John Ellis, Richard Guy, and Richard Woodmancy were in York Castle at different times between 1660 and 1677; Christopher Wetherill in Beverley Gaol in 1560. *Vide Besse, passim.*

London. Men came from different parts of England to join its ranks; William Peachy, fresh from his trial at Bristol and under sentence of banishment as a convict for attending "meetings;" John Kinsey, of Hadham in Hertfordshire, himself a prisoner a few years before, and marked among these settlers of Burlington as the first to die; John Cripps, twelve days in a cell in Newgate for "keeping his hat on in a bold, irreverent manner" when the Lord Mayor passed by into Guildhall; Thomas Ollive, familiar with the inside of Northampton Gaol; John Woolston, his companion in that prison, and Dr. Daniel Wills, tried for banishment for a third offence, and thrice in prison for holding meetings in his house.* The last three were all men of note, and their joining the London Company had great influence on its history. In the little town of Wellingborough, the home of Ollive, and near which the others dwelt, there was a monthly meeting. Here Dewsbury, in 1654, had converted many to the Truth, and here he had been mobbed and thrown in gaol. By the spring of 1677 his disciples had become numerous in North-

* *Vide* Besse's *Sufferings*, where these facts are all set forth with painful particularity. The names of nearly all the early settlers of Burlington can be found in that record of persecution. I doubt if there has ever been another town of which so many of its citizens had been in gaol. Certainly no other can speak of the matter with so much honest pride.

amptonshire, and nowhere, perhaps, had the propriety of going to America been more earnestly discussed. "Many who were valuable," says an old account, "doubting, lest it should be deemed flying from persecution." In the midst of this discussion, he, who had converted so many in the place twelve years before, gathered the faithful about him and bade them go. "The Lord," he said, "is about to plant the wilderness of America with a choice vine of noble seed, which shall grow and flourish." Let His servants depart thither and they shall do well. "I see them, I see them, under His blessing, arising into a prosperous and happy state."* And so it came about that many of that little band followed the lead of Thomas Ollive and Dr. Daniel Wills, and turned their faces toward London.

The preparations are now made and the time for departure is at hand. The two companies have appointed commissioners to govern them—Joseph Helmsley, Robert Stacy, William Emley, and Thomas Foulke, for the Yorkshire people; Thomas Ollive, Daniel Wills, John Penford, and Benjamin Scott, for the London purchasers. They have secured a staunch ship, under the command of an experienced seaman, and she is now lying

* Life of Wm. Dewsbury; Account of James and William Brown in Nottingham Pa. Mo. Mtg. Records. See also *The Friend*, vol. 23, pp. 443, 451.

ready in the Thames. With what feelings does this band of self-devoted exiles go on board! Does any one of the half million souls in the great metropolis notice the little company of English yeomen, as, laden with their scanty store of household stuff and leading their wives and children by the hand, they shake the dust of England from their feet and clamber on the deck? Does any one foresee, as he looks with pride on the forest of masts and yard-arms that stretches from London Tower to London Bridge, that of all the ships that move to and fro beneath him, or lie at anchor in the crowded Thames, but one shall be remembered? It is not that big merchantman, fast to yonder wharf, discharging the rich cargo she has just brought from the Indies; nor this gallant vessel that, as she swings with the tide, turns to him a hull scarred with many a Dutch or Spanish broadside; nor yet the stately ship that, at this moment, comes slowly up, under full sail, from Gravesend. Long after these and they that sailed them shall have been forgotten, the happy citizens of a free commonwealth in a distant land shall speak with affectionate remembrance of the good ship "Kent" and "Master Godfrey Marlow!" Obscure and unnoticed and, perhaps on that account undisturbed, all are at last on board. They have taken leave of their country; it remains only to say farewell to their King. It is a pleasant day

in the opening summer and London is full of gayety. The banquets at Whitehall have never been more brilliant, and the King, in spite of French victories and Popish plots and Quaker persecutions, is as gay as ever. What cares good-natured Charles, or my lady of Cleveland, or his Lordship of Buckingham if the public mind be full of discontent and the public coffers empty and the prestige of England be threatened both on sea and land? The weather is fine, the French gold still holds out, and the charms of Her Grace of Portsmouth are as fresh as ever. The bright sun and the pleasant air tempt His Majesty upon the water and he passes the afternoon floating in his barge. The Thames is full of shipping, for at this time London has no rival in commerce but Amsterdam, and the King amuses himself watching the vessels as they come to and fro. Suddenly the barge approaches a ship evidently about to sail. Something attracts the King, and draws him near. A group of men and women are on the deck, plain in appearance, sombre in dress, quiet in demeanor. They are of the yeoman class chiefly, and the gay courtiers wonder what attracts the attention of the King. The two strangely different vessels come together, and for a moment those widely separated companies are face to face. Charles, with that pleasant voice that could heal with a friendly phrase the wounds inflicted by a lifetime of ingra-

titude, inquires who they are. "Quakers, bound to America!" is the reply. There is a pause for an instant, and then the King, with a royal gesture, flings them his blessing, and Charles II. and his Quaker subjects have parted forever.* Each to his fate according to his manner. "Now," said old Socrates to his weeping friends, "it is time to part, you to life and I to death—which of the two things is the better is known only unto God."† And now the wind is fair and the tide is full and the steeples of London are sinking in the west. Farewell, broad fields of Norfolk and pleasant Kentish woods! Farewell, ye Yorkshire moors and sloping Sussex downs! Farewell, old mother England! Our feet shall never tread upon your shores again. Our eyes shall never more behold your face; but from our loins a greater Britain shall arise to bless a continent with English law and English liberty and English speech!

On the 6th of August (old style), 1677, there is excitement on the Kent. The voyage has been fair, but the ocean is wide and full of perils, and all are longing for the land. Suddenly a faint line appears on the horizon. Slowly it rises from

* *Vide* Smith's Hist. of N. J., p. 93: "King Charles the Second in his barge, pleasuring on the Thames, came alongside, seeing a great many passengers, and, informed whence they were bound, asked if they were all Quakers, and gave them his blessing."

† Plato's *Apologia*, cap. xxxiii.

the sea until at last the straining eyes of the Kent's passengers can make out land. It is a low, sandy beach projecting far into the sea. By and by behind it appears the faint blue of distant hills, and at last the clear outlines of a well-wooded shore. The old ship turns to the northwest and enters the mouth of a beautiful bay. This is the first view of the Western World—the harbor of New York. The object the emigrants have in view in coming here is to wait upon Sir Edmund Andros, the Duke of York's lately appointed governor of his territory.* Accordingly the commissioners go on shore. Andros receives them coldly. They inform him of their purpose to settle on the Delaware. He feigns an ignorance of their authority. They remind him of the law and repeat how the land in West Jersey was granted by the King to his brother, by the Duke to Carteret and Berkeley, and by them to their grantors. It is of no use. "Show me a line from the Duke himself," says Andros. They have neglected this precaution. Upon which the governor forbids them to proceed, and when remonstrated with, touches his sword significantly. Here is a new and unexpected trouble, and it is no comfort to learn that John Fenwick is at the moment a prisoner in New York for attempting his settle-

* Smith's Hist. of N. J., p. 93.

ment at Salem without the Duke's authority. Suddenly their perplexity is unexpectedly relieved. If they will take commissions from him Sir Edmund will allow them to set sail, but they must promise to write to England and abide by the result. Anxious to escape from the dilemma they accept the proposal; Fenwick is released at the same time, and they set sail for the Delaware. On the 16th day of August—about the 26th according to our style—they reach the site of New Castle, and presently—230 in number—land at the mouth of Raccoon Creek.* The few settlements of the Dutch and Swedes have hardly changed the original appearance of the country, and they find themselves on the borders of a wilderness. The Swedes have a few houses at the landing place, and in these and in tents and caves our new-comers take temporary lodging. It is a change from the snug homes to which they have been accustomed, and the fare they find is rough, but there is no murmuring among them. “I never heard them say,” wrote one of their number, who had herself exchanged a pleasant home in England for a cave—“I never heard them say ‘I would I had never come,’ which it is worth observing, considering how plentifully they had lived in England.”† But

* Smith's Hist., p. 93.

† Barber and Howe's Hist. Coll., p. 90. My friend Wm. John Potts, Esq., of Camden, N. J., an indefatigable antiquary, whose

they were not given to complaining, and moreover the autumn is at hand. Without delay the commissioners set out to examine the country and settle the terms of purchase with the Indians. Accompanied by Swedish interpreters they buy three tracts—from the Assanpink to the Rancocas, from Rancocas to Timber Creek, and from Timber Creek to Old Man's Creek.* The Yorkshire purchasers choose the former as their share; the London decide to settle at Arwaumus, near the present Gloucester; and Daniel Wills orders timber to be felled and grass to be cut in preparation for the winter.

But a second thought prevails. Why should we

acquaintance with early history has been of the greatest assistance to me, writes: "Some of them were obliged to live in caves, owing to the scarcity of houses. Similar instances occurred in the first settlement of Philadelphia. I have the honor to descend from a cave-dweller myself. The most noted instance of this I think you will find in Barber and Howe, under Columbus, where it is mentioned that in that part of Burlington County Thomas Scattergood, whose benevolent name still flourishes among us, brought up nine children in a cave." Like Mr. Potts, I can count a cave-dweller among my ancestors. One of them sailed up Dock Creek, now Dock Street, and landing, lived in a cave below Second Street while his house was building. No less a person than Francis Daniel Pastorius lived in a cave in October, 1683. These caves were excavations in the banks, roofed and faced with logs overlaid with sod or bark, or plastered with clay. *Vide* Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, vol. i. p. 171.

* The list of articles paid for the land can be found in Smith's *Hist. of N. J.*, p. 95, Note.

separate? We have passed through many perils together, we are few in number, the forests are thick and full of savages; let us build a town in company. It is at once agreed upon. Where shall it be? Old Man's Creek is too near John Fenwick's colony; Assanpink is too far; the mouth of the Rancocas is a marsh. None of these points will do. About six miles above the last named creek, within the limits of the Yorkshire tenth, there are two islands. One, called "Matiniconk," lies in the middle of the river, which here turns suddenly to the south, and forms a little bay. The other lies close against the Jersey shore, from which it is separated only by a narrow creek where the tide ebbs and flows, and is known as "Jegou's Island." It has taken this name not from an Indian chief, as is at first supposed, but from a Frenchman who lately lived at "Water-Lily Point."* On this neck of land between the Asiskonk Creek and the Delaware River, oppo-

* In an unpublished lecture delivered in 1870, the Rev. William Allen Johnson, formerly Rector of St. Mary's, has solved these two questions, which so long puzzled the local antiquary: "Chygoe," he says, is a misspelling of the name of Jegou, and "Lazy" or "Leazy" Point—which he has found spelled in five different ways—a corruption of the Dutch word *Lisch*, Pond- or Water-Lily. I have no doubt of the correctness of this simple explanation. Water-Lily Point would not be an inappropriate name for the place to-day. Mr. Johnson's lecture was the result of much labor and careful examination. The credit of settling these points belongs entirely to him.

site Matiniconk, three Dutchmen settled long before the surrender to the English. Their rights were recognized by Governor Carteret in 1666, and soon afterward sold to Peter Jegou, who, about 1668, armed with a license from the same authority, built on the point, hard by the water-side, a log house after the Swedish fashion.* It was the only tavern in this part of the country. And it was well placed, for at this point the narrow footpath which leads through the woods from the banks of the North River comes out upon the Delaware, and those who journey from Manhattan toward Virginia, must cross the latter river at this point. This is the place which Governor Lovelace meant when in expectation of a journey thither some years ago, he directed one of his servants to "go with the horse allotted by the captain, as speedily as you can, to Navesink, and thence to the house of Mr. Jegoe, right against Matiniconk Island, on Delaware River, where there are persons ready to receive you."† But the journey was not undertaken, for somehow or other Jegou became an object of hatred to the Indians, and recently (in 1670) they have plundered him and driven him away. His house was empty and

* Record of Upland Court, 9th mo. 25th, 1679; *Memoirs of Hist. Soc. of Penna.*, vol. vii. p. 140.

† For this I am indebted to the discoveries among the Records at Albany of the Rev. W. A. Johnson.

deserted five years ago, as is mentioned by a very noted traveller. After a day's journey of fifty miles without seeing man or woman, house or dwelling-place, he says, "at night, finding an old house which the Indians had forced the people to leave, we made a fire and lay there at the head of Delaware Bay. The next day we swam our horses over the river, about a mile, twice, first to an island called Upper Dinidock, and then to the mainland, having hired Indians to help us over in their canoes." This is especially interesting, for the name of that traveller was George Fox.*

"Matiniconk" lies too far from the mainland, but Jegou's Island is a very fit place for a town. It is about a mile long and half as wide. It lies, as I have said, on the only path between the North River and the South, and the channel in front of it is deep enough for ships of large burthen. Its soil is rich, its meadows rank with grass, its trees tall and luxuriant, and its green and sloping bank destined to be always beautiful. The decision in its favor is soon made, and the emigrants, embarking in small boats, ascend the Delaware.

Tinakonk, the residence of the ancient Swedish Governors; Wickakoe, a small settlement of that people, close to the high bluff called "Coaquanock," "a splendid site for a town;" Takona, an ancient Indian town, and the mouth of the Ran-

* Fox's Journal, 7th mo. 10th, 1672.

cocas, or "Northampton River," are passed in turn. It is already late in October, and the wild landscape lies bathed in the mellow glory of the Indian summer. Beneath a sky more cloudless than English eyes have been wont to see waves the primeval forest clad in the rainbow garments of the Fall. No sound breaks the stillness save the splash of the oars in the water or the whistling of the wings of the wild-fowl that rise in countless numbers from the marshes. The air is full of the perfume of grapes, that hang in clusters on the banks and climb from tree to tree, and the sturgeons leap before the advancing prow. The startled deer stands motionless upon the beach; and hidden in the tangled thickets the Indian gazes in silent wonder at the pale-faced strangers that have come to take his place in the land of his fathers. Presently the river seems suddenly to come to a stop. On the left is a gravel beach. In the distance in front an island, with a steep red bank washed by the rushing stream and pierced with swallows' holes. To the right, a bit of marsh, the mouth of a silvery creek, a meadow sloping to the shore, and then a high bank lined with mulberries and sycamores and unutterably green. For the first time, and after so many days, the eyes of its founders have rested upon Burlington!

Among them was a youth of one-and-twenty.

The first of his race to be born in the Quaker faith, he had grown up amid persecution and been familiar with suffering from his boyhood. A child of tender years he had, wonderingly, followed his family, driven from their old home for conscience' sake, and among his earliest recollections was the admonition of his dying father to seek a refuge beyond the sea. Beside him was the English maiden who, in a short time, in the primitive meeting-house made of a sail taken from the Kent, was to become his wife. Little that youthful pair imagine, as they gazed for the first time on Jegou's Island, that at the end of two centuries, one of their name and lineage, looking back to them across the graves of five generations of their children, would stand here in old Burlington to-day, and lift his voice in commemoration of an event in which they were then taking an humble but honorable part!*

* James Browne, the fourth son of Richard and Mary Browne, of Sywell, in Northamptonshire, was born on the 27th of 3d mo., 1656. His father, whom Wm. Dewsbury had converted in 1654-5, died in 1662, before which time the family had removed to Puddington, in Bedfordshire. James remained at Burlington but a short time, settling in 1678 at Chichester or Markus Hook, in Pennsylvania. On the 8th of the 6th month, 1679, he married, at Burlington, Honour, the daughter of William Clayton (one of the Yorkshire purchasers and a passenger with his family in the Kent). He lived on his place, called "Podington," on Chichester Creek, until 1705, when he gave it to his son William and removed "into the wilderness." He died at Nottingham, Penna., in 1716.

Among those who landed on the bank at Burlington on that autumn day was Richard Noble, a surveyor. He had come with John Fenwick two years before, and his profession had naturally made him familiar with the country. To him was at once committed the duty of laying out the town—a labor in which William Matlack and others of the young men assisted.* A broad and imposing main street was opened through the forest, running at right angles to the river, southward into the country. It is probable that it did not at first extend very far past the place at which we are gathered now. Another, crossing it, ran lengthwise through the middle of the island, and a third was opened on the bank. The town thus laid out was divided into twenty properties—ten in the eastern part for the Yorkshire men, and ten in the western for the London proprietors. All hands went at once to work to prepare for the winter. Marshall, a carpenter, directed the building, and the forests began to resound with the blows of his axe. A clearing was made on the south side of the main street, near Broad, and a tent pitched there as a temporary meeting-house. In a short time the settlement began to have the appearance of a town, and, when worthy of a name, in memory of a village in old Yorkshire,

* Wm. Matlack's affidavit, stating these facts, is to be found in Book A, in the Surveyor-General's office in Burlington.

was christened "Burlington."* The dwellings were at first caves, dug in the banks and faced with boards, or shanties of the most primitive description. They were not built of logs, as is popularly believed. It is to the Swede alone that we owe the "block-house" of our early Indian wars and the "log cabin" of political campaigns. Two Dutch travellers who saw Burlington when it was two years old, say on this point that "the English and many others have houses made of nothing but clap-boards, as they call them here. They make a wooden frame, as in Westphalia and at Altona, but not so strong, then split boards of clapwood like coopers' staves, though unbent, so that the thickest end is about a little finger thick, and the other is made sharp like the end of a knife. They are about five or six feet long, and are nailed on with the ends lapping over each other. . . . When it is cold and windy the best people plaster them with clay."† From these details we can imagine the homes of our first settlers, "many of

* Smith says it was first called New Beverley, and next, Bridlington, and by the latter name it appears on Holme's Map, dated 1682. I find, however, that the earliest letters written from the place (several within a week or two of the beginning of the town) are dated at "Burlington." Bridlington and Burlington are the same name, and the latter is a very old form of the word. Richard Boyle was created Earl of *Burlington* in 1663.

† Journal of Dankers and Sluyter in 1679, published by Long Island Hist. Soc., vol. i. pp. 173-175.

whom," says one of them, "had been men of good estate." That they remembered their English homes with fond affection is proved in many ways. Wills gave to one portion of the neighborhood the name of his native "Northampton," which it bears to-day, and the township of "Willingborough," where many of you dwell, recalls the home of Ollive. "York" Street is close at hand, though the bridge that bore that name has disappeared; and what boy is there in Burlington to-day that has not thrown a line from "London" bridge? "Oh, remember us," they write to their friends in England, "for we cannot forget you; many waters cannot quench our love nor distance wear out the deep remembrance. . . . Though the Lord hath been pleased to remove us far away from you, as to the ends of the earth, yet are we present with you. Your exercises are ours; our hearts are dissolved in the remembrance of you."

But though their thoughts turned fondly to England and their brethren, they did not repine. They found the country good; "so good," wrote one as early as the 6th of November, 1677, "that I do not see how reasonably it can be found fault with. The country and air seem very agreeable to our bodies, and we have very good stomachs to our victuals. Here is plenty of provision, of fish and fowl and good venison, not dry, but full of gravy. And I do believe that this river of Dela-

ware is as good a river as most in the world.” “I like the place well,” said another, three days afterward; “it’s like to be a healthful place and very pleasant to live in.” A report having spread in England that the water and soil were bad, and danger to be feared from bears, wolves, rattlesnakes, and Indians—the first, but not the last time that Burlington has been slandered—six of the leading settlers indignantly deny its truth, declaring that “those that cannot be contented with such a country and such land as this is are not worthy to come here.” “I affirm,” said one, “that these reports are not true, and fear they were spoke from a spirit of envy. It is a country that produceth all things for the support and sustenance of man. I have seen orchards laden with fruit to admiration; their very limbs torn to pieces with the weight, and most delicious to the taste and lovely to behold. I have seen an apple tree from a pippin kernel yield a barrel of curious cyder, and peaches in such plenty that some people took their carts a peach gathering. I could not but smile at the conceit of it. I have known this summer forty bushels of bold wheat from one bushel sown. We have from the time called May till Michaelmas great store of very good wild fruits—strawberries, cranberries, and whortleberries, very wholesome. Of the cranberries, like cherries for color and bigness, an excellent sauce is made for venison and

turkeys. Of these we have great plenty, and all sorts of fish and game. Indeed the country, take it as a wilderness, is a most brave country, and," he adds, in words that you may make use of to the world yourselves to-day, "whatever envy or evil spies may speak of it, I could wish you all here."* From the Indians these settlers experienced little trouble. The Mantas, it is true, who dwelt hard by, had committed a murder at Matiniconk and plundered poor Jegou some years before the arrival of the Kent, but these were exceptional instances. The Leni Lenape were a peaceful race. Upright in person and straight of limb, their fierce countenances of tawny reddish-brown belied a gentle nature. Grave even to sadness, courteous to strangers and respectful to the old, never in haste to speak, and of cool, deliberate temper, this mysterious people easily forgave injury and never forgot kindness—more than repaying the benevolent humanity of the settlers of Burlington by a forbearing friendship that lived as long as they. At the same time at which the savages of Virginia were punishing cold-blooded murder with passionate bloodshed, and scourging with fury every plantation from the Potomac to the James, and on the northern sky the light of blazing villages, from one end of New England to the other, marked

* Smith's Hist. of N. J. contains these letters.

the despairing vengeance of King Philip, the banks of Delaware smiled in unbroken peace, and their simple-hearted native, conscious of the fate that would speedily overtake his people—which no one foretold sooner or more touchingly than he—was saying in a council here in Burlington: “We are your brothers, and intend to live like brothers with you. We will have a broad path for you and us to walk in. If an Indian be asleep in this path, the Englishman shall pass him by and do him no harm; and if an Englishman be asleep in it, the Indian shall pass him by and say: ‘He is an Englishman—he is asleep—let him alone.’ The path shall be plain; there shall not be in it a stump to hurt the feet”*.

The soil fertile, the climate healthy, the situation good, and the Indian friendly, the little settlement soon became a prosperous colony. Ships began to come with emigrants from different parts of England. The *Willing Mind*, from London, with sixty passengers; the “*Flieboat*” Martha, from the older Burlington, with one hundred and fourteen; the *Shield*, from Hull, and

* Smith’s *Hist. of N. J.*, p. 100, and 136, note; Bancroft, vol. ii. p. 102, *et seq.*; *Idem*, p. 216. “When six of the hostile chiefs presented themselves as messengers to treat of a reconciliation, in the blind fury of the moment they were murdered.” This was in 1675. The war in Virginia continued more than a year afterwards. King Philip’s “rebellion” broke out in June, 1675. He was killed in August, 1676.

several more beside. It is this last one of which the story is told that tacking too near the high shore called "Coaquannock," her masts caught in an overhanging tree, and her passengers, unconscious of the Philadelphia that was soon to be, were struck by the beauty of the site, and spoke of its fitness for a town.* The forests were felled and farms sprang up in all directions. Ollive's new mill, on the "Mill Creek" that runs into Rancocas, was quickly built. The trade with Barbadoes was begun by Mahlon Stacy and others as early as the winter of 1679-80, whose "ketch of fifty tons" met with the good fortune their enterprise deserved. By an Act of Assembly in the following year, "all vessels bound to the province" were "obliged to enter and clear at" its "chief town and head," "the port of Burlington," and at the same time two annual fairs were provided for in the market street, "for all sorts of cattle and all manner of merchandise."† But in the bustle of the growing town and the attractions of an opening trade, other things were not forgotten. The first act of the meeting was to provide for the collections of money once a month for "ye support of ye poor," and the next to consider "selling of rum unto Indians," and whether it

* Watson's Annals of Philadelphia, vol. i. p. 10.

† Leaning and Spicer's Laws of N. J., p. 435; Hazard's Annals of Penna., vol. i. p. 537.

“be lawful att all for friends pffessing truth to be concerned in itt.” It has been said that the Quaker has never been the friend of education. These at least are two honorable truths in the history of Burlington: That there, before 1690, William Bradford found work and welcome for his printing press;* and her people—before William

* My authority for this statement was the following: “At A yearly meeting held at Burlington in west new Jersey the 10th of the 7th month 1690: An Account beinge giuen heere that seuerall particular friends haue engaged themselves to raise A considerable sum of money for the encouragement of the printer to continue the press heere: it is Agreed that it bee recommend to each quarterly meetinge belonging to this meetinge.” The Hon. John William Wallace, who is an authority on these matters, and has given especial attention to the life of the printer Wm. Bradford (*vide* his valuable Address on the subject in New York in May, 1863), has called my attention to the following extract from the Salem Mo. Mtg. Minute Book No. 1: “whereas in the month Called nouember: 1689: A gratuity was giuen to William bradford printer that hee should continue his press in philadelphia it being forty pound A yeare from and After the date hereof for Seuen years;” and adds, “on 5th mo. 26th 1689 Bradford, being then in Philada., gave notice to Friends of his purpose to go to *England* and got a *bene decessit* accordingly. Now, by the above extract the meeting in 1689 gave (actually gave, it would seem) a gratuity to Bradford to ‘continue’ his press in Philadelphia for seven years from that time. We have in 1688 and also in 1693 books printed by him in Philadelphia. In 1690 he established a paper mill on the Wissahickon. It would seem, therefore, that the word ‘here’ does not mean here in Burlington, but here in America, or hereabouts and within the jurisdiction of the Quakers assembled at Burlington.” I agree with Mr. Wallace that “this, I fear, hardly makes out the case for our dear old town of Burlington;” but I leave the passage in the text

Penn had ever set foot on American soil—commemorated the fifth anniversary of their settlement by consecrating “to the use of the public schools” the broad acres of Matiniconk, and have kept them piously devoted to that purpose from that day to this.*

How fortunate would it have been, my friends of Burlington, if the spirit had moved one of these early settlers to have given posterity a sketch of the daily life of the young colony. How delightful to have been able to see, as with the eye of a contemporary, the infant town. The forest of oak and sassafras, and birch and maple encircling the island; the broad main street cut through the clearing, and but lately freed from stumps; the clap-board houses beginning to rise on every side; Samuel Jennings’, on the corner of Pearl Street, the new Governor, “a man of both spiritual and worldly wisdom, a suppressor of vice and an encourager of virtue;”† and Thomas Gardiner’s next, where the meetings are held till the new place of worship can be built. It is at one of these, perhaps, that the Labadists dine in 1679, on their way to Tinicum and Upland. “The Quakers,” they

to stand as spoken, with this correction in a note. The town was not, in all probability, the scene of Bradford’s labors, as I thought at the time I said so, but the townsfolk are entitled to the credit which I claimed for them just the same.

* Act of Assembly, Sept. 28th, 1682.

† Robert Proud, quoted by Bowden in his *History of Friends*.

write, "are a very worldly people. On the window we found a copy of Virgil, as if it had been a common hand-book, and Helmont's book on medicine!" How pleasant, too, to walk in imagination along the bank of the newly-surveyed river lots and admire the good ship Shield, as she lies in the stream, moored by a long rope to a leaning buttonwood* that stands by the water's edge, or watch yonder canoe as it comes swiftly across the river laden with the fat carcass of a noble buck. The village is full of cheery noise, the constant sound of the hammer and the saw, and every now and then a crash like distant thunder tells of the falling of some giant tree. Now, perhaps, a horn blown from Thomas Gardiner's calls the town meeting together, to appoint ten men to help lay out the town's share of a road through the wilderness to Salem, or four of the proprietors to get to work to drain the meadows, or solemnly resolve "that the townfolk meet at five o'clock the next morning to go and clear the brush upon the island." It may be market day, and here are Indians with venison and turkeys and plenty of wild fruit for sale; or, yonder on a stump, Ollive, the magistrate, holds his rustic court, and, while his neighbors stand reverently by, dispenses im-

* Tradition says that this is the gigantic tree in front of Gov. Franklin's house (now torn down) about which the "witches used to dance."

partial justice. The Sabbath morning comes to begin the busy week, and the little town is still. The hammer and the saw are laid aside, and the axe rests undisturbed against the tree. All is so quiet that the rustling of the dead leaves can be heard as they fall through the frosty air, and the cawing of the crows as they rise from their roost in the distant pines. No sentinel, with leathern doublet, his matchlock resting in the hollow of his arm, stands guard by yonder house, or watches with suspicious eye, his hand upon his cutlass, the curious savage who walks unbidden to the door. Within is gathered a little company, seated in solemn silence or listening with rapt attention as one of their number, with rude but reverent manner, and perhaps unlettered speech, talks of the Inner Light and of the goodness of Him who placed them in the wilderness and protects them there.

A simple anecdote recorded by a descendant, and, until now, forgotten for a century, is worthy of remembrance:* “Tradition delivers,” he says, “that when Thomas Ollive acted in the quadruple character of governor, preacher, tanner, and miller, a customer asked, ‘Well, Thomas, when can

* My friend Brinton Coxe, Esq., to whom I am under many obligations for kind and intelligent assistance in gathering materials, has given me this, which he found in a MS. note written by R. Smith in 1796 on page 573 of his copy of Leaming and Spicer.

my corn be ground?' 'I shall be at the Assembly next Third-day,' replied the good man, 'and I will bring it for thee behind me on my horse.'" Such were your governors in those early days! O rara temporum simplicitas!

What wonder then that the seed planted by those hands took root and brought forth fruit an hundred fold! What wonder that the strong right arm of men like this conquered the forest and made the wilderness to bloom! What wonder that as this godly people looked back to those days beyond the stormy sea their hearts were stirred within them and they cried: "Blessed be the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob that has called us not hither in vain!" "He was with us and is with us; yea, he hath made our way for us and proved and confirmed to us his word and providence!" "The desert sounds; the wilderness rejoices, a visitation outwardly and inwardly is come to America; God is Lord of all the earth and at the setting of the sun will his name be famous."*

My countrymen: Since those words were spoken and this town was built two hundred years have come and gone. The seed that could blossom in the dense thickets of New Jersey and find a root among the rocks of Plymouth has planted a con-

* Letter of Wm. Penn and others, 1st month, 1683. *Vide* Bowden's Hist. of Friends, vol. i. p. 20.

tinent with liberty and law. The light that glimmered on the Delaware and lit the cold waves of Boston Bay, was but the dawn of that advancing age whose morning beams now shine with impartial splendor upon all mankind. Your fathers' prayers are granted, and their prophecy fulfilled! Here on the threshold of your history I needs must stop. My task is finished, and my duty done. How could I hope to tell the story of two centuries? How dear old St. Mary's Church was founded in Queen Anne's reign. How in colonial days great men as Governors lived in Burlington; how Council and Assembly met in the now vanished court-house, before whose door one day George Whitefield preached; how, in a darker time, the Hessians camped in a meadow beyond Yorkshire Bridge; how the Whigs knocked one night at Margaret Morris's door, and the Tory parson hid trembling in the "auger hole;" how patriotic gondolas bombarded Burlington, and managed to hit a house at Broad and York Streets; how, in the following year, the British in their turn opened the cannonade, and after an hour's fire knocked a hole in Adam Shepherd's stable near the wharf; how things were quiet for a little while till Light-Horse Harry Lee came thundering in.*

* James Craft's Journal, Penna. Hist. Mag., vol. i. p. 300: "6th mo. 16th, 1770, Geo. Whitefield, the Great Calvinistic Preacher, preacht before the Court House. Great Audience. Deal of humor.

And what can I hope to say, in the last moments of so long a speech, of the inhabitants of a city whose life has not been more peaceful than her sons illustrious. From the beginning to the end, in times of the Colony, the Province, and State, it has always been the same. Here were the famous printers, Bradford the pioneer, and Isaac Collins, who published the first Jersey newspaper.* Here dwelt Judge Daniel Coxe, who planned a union for the Colonies full thirty years ere Franklin thought of it, and half a century before the Revolution.† Here came Elias Boudinot, the President of Congress, to pass the evening

12th mo. 11th, 1776, sad work this day. The Hessians came. Town fired on by gondolas. Nobody hurt, altho' large and small shot was fired plenty and in all directions. 5th mo. 10th, 1778. British came back (from Bordentown) and O what a whipping our poor town got, tho' through blessing nobody hurt. Bullets and every kind of shot showered down upon us for hours. 12th mo. 16th, 1778, Lee's troop of horse at Burlington." For an amusing account of Dr. Odell's adventure in the hidden chamber called the "Auger hole," see Dr. Hills' excellent Hist. of the Church in Burlington, p. 321. *Vide* Barber and Howe's Hist. Col., pp. 94, 95.

* Of Bradford I have spoken in an earlier note. Isaac Collins was a man of great prominence in the Colony. He was appointed Colonial printer in 1770, and issued the first number of the New Jersey Gazette on December 5th, 1777.

† In the preface to his "Description of Carolana, &c. &c.," published in London in 1722. He was the son of Daniel Coxe, of London, the Proprietary Governor, and was a Judge of the Supreme Court. The Coxe family was long prominent in the history of Burlington and West Jersey.

of his well-spent life; and in the spacious garden of his house some of you may have seen his daughter and her friend, those venerable women who had borne the names of William Bradford and Alexander Hamilton.* Here, on a Saturday morning, weary with walking "more than fifty miles," clad "in a working dress," his "pockets stuffed out with shirts and stockings," a boy of seventeen came trudging into town. Nobody noticed him, except to smile perhaps, save an old woman who talked to him kindly and sold him gingerbread. Years afterward he came again to print the money of the Province and become the friend of all the great men who dwelt in Burlington, for by that time the world had begun to hear of Benjamin Franklin.† Two other boys belong to Burlington. Born side by side, beneath adjoining roofs, close to this spot where you are gathered now, both became sailors; but of different destinies. The elder, after a brief but brilliant life,

* Elias Boudinot was President of Congress in 1782, and Director of the Mint under Gen. Washington's administration. He was the first President, and in conjunction with his friend and kinsman Mr. Wallace, the originator of the American Bible Society. His daughter and only child married the Hon. William Bradford, Attorney-General in Washington's cabinet. Alexander Hamilton had been a friend in the family of Mr. Boudinot in his boyhood, and the colleague of his son-in-law in the cabinet. The friendship between the widows of those two remarkable men, both so untimely cut off in their prime, continued to the end of their long lives.

† Bigelow's Franklin's Autobiography, pp. 110 and 163.

fell in disastrous battle on the deck with the immortal cry upon his lips of "Don't give up the ship!" The younger lived to a green and vigorous old age, to make those Jersey names of Fenimore and Cooper famous forever in American literature!* Count this array of native or adopted citizens: Ellis and Stockton and Dutton and Sterling and Woolman and the mysterious Tyler; Franklin, the Tory governor, and Temple, his accomplished son; Samuel Smith, the historian, and Samuel J. Smith, the poet; William Coxe, the pomologist, and John Griscom, the friend of learning; Shippen and Cole in medicine, and Dean and the Gummeres in education; Bloomfield and McIlvaine and Wall in politics, and at the bar, Griffith, Wallace, Reed, two generations of the McIlvaines and four of the name of Kinsey, and those great masters of the law, Charles Chauncey and Horace Binney.† Read the long

* James Fenimore Cooper in a published letter dated 1844 said: "I was born in the last house but one of the main street of Burlington as one goes into the country. There are two houses of brick stuccoed, built together, the one having five windows in front and the other four, the first being the last house in the street. In this house dwelt Mr. Lawrence, my old commander, Captain Lawrence's father, and in the four-window house my father."

† Charles Ellis, Samuel Stockton, and Thomas Dutton were prominent citizens in Burlington half a century ago; the latter in connection with John Griscom, LL.D., W. R. Ailen, and Thomas Milnor, was active in founding the Public Schools, and the names of all of them are honorably borne in Burlington to-day. James

list of teachers of religion; I name the dead alone
—Grellet and Cox and Hoskins and Mott and

Sterling was a famous merchant—his store at the corner of Broad and Main Streets was known from Sussex to Cape May. James Hunter Sterling is remembered as the benefactor of the Library to whom we owe the handsome building. Richard Tyler was an accomplished Englishman of wealth and evidently of rank, who settled in Burlington early in this century. There was some mystery about his life which has never been solved. It has been conjectured that he was a relative of Warren Hastings. John Woolman, the famous Quaker preacher, was a Burlington County man, and the name has existed there for the past two centuries; the late Burr Woolman and his son Franklin Woolman, Esq., have both been Surveyor-Generals of West Jersey. Governor Wm. Franklin lived in the large house on the bank afterward occupied by Charles Chauncey as a summer residence, and torn down in 1873. His son, Temple, lived in elegant retirement with his books, and died at Franklin Park on the Rancocas, about six miles out of town. Samuel Smith, the historian, was long Treasurer of the Province. A notice of him has recently appeared as a preface to a second edition of his history, published in 1877, and an interesting paper on the subject of Samuel J. Smith and his writings can be found at page 39 of vol. ix. of the Proceedings of the N. J. Hist. Soc. Both are by John Jay Smith, Esq. Dr. Wm. Coxe was quite famous as a pomologist about the beginning of this century, and Griscom's Travels was a noted and much read book. Dr. Edward Shippen lived many years in the house occupied for nearly fifty by the late Joseph Askew in Ellis Street at the end of Broad. Dr. Nathaniel W. Cole was an excellent citizen and a physician of great skill and experience. James Dean, LL.D., Prof. of Mathematics in Vermont University; John Gummere, the author of works on Astronomy, Surveying, &c., and Samuel R. Gummere, of others on Oratory, Geography, &c., are honored names in the history of Education. "Gummere's schools" had a famous reputation forty years ago. Joseph Bloomfield, a soldier of the Revolution and long Governor of the State, lived in the large house on Main Street known by his

Dillwyn among Friends, and in the Church Talbot, the missionary, the witty Odell, the venerable

name. Joseph McIlvaine was United States Senator in 1820, Garret D. Wall in 1834, and his son James W. Wall in 1860. Wm. Griffith was a most accomplished lawyer and stood at the head of the bar. He was one of John Adams' "Midnight Judges;" Joshua Maddox Wallace, also at one time Judge of the Pleas of Burlington Co., was a very distinguished man, the co-worker of Mr. Boudinot in the Bible Society. He was the father of another well-known lawyer, John B. Wallace, and the grandfather of two others whose names are prominent in American legal literature—John William Wallace, lately the Reporter of the U. S. Supreme Court, and Horace Binney Wallace. Bowes Reed was a brother of General Joseph Reed, Washington's Aid-de-Camp. Joseph McIlvaine, the Senator, was also distinguished at the Bar and the father of Bloomfield McIlvaine, whose early death alone prevented his taking the front rank in the profession. The Kinsey family has been remarkable in the law. John Kinsey, the son of the first comer, was noted in provincial history as a leader of the profession; John Kinsey, his son, was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania and died in 1750; James Kinsey, his grandson, was Chief Justice of New Jersey, and the late Charles Kinsey, his great-grandson, was an eminent and learned lawyer. Mr. Chauncey and Mr. Binney lived for many summers side by side on the bank, the latter at the corner of Wood Street, in the house owned by the late Edward B. Grubb.

There are many other names which one might speak of and which ought to be remembered; Samuel Emlen, Elihu Chauncey, who lived where the College stands to-day, Charles Read, Judge of Admiralty before the Revolution, and Andrew Allen the grandson of Chief Justice Allen, "a most accomplished man," at one time British Consul at Boston, but after 1812 a resident of Burlington, in the house where St. Mary's Hall was afterwards erected, were all men whose names ought not to be forgotten. Barbaroux and Benoist were Frenchmen of family and fortune who settled in Burlington after the troubles in San Domingo. Both of these families lived on the bank. John Michael Hanckel was the Principal

Wharton, the saintlike McIlvaine, and that princely prelate—the most imposing figure of my boyish memories—whose tongue alone could have done justice to this anniversary!*

of the Academy: “His talents,” said Rev. Dr. Wharton in his epitaph, “were of the first order.” He died at 29. In an humbler walk in life were Thomas Aikman, the Sexton and Undertaker, Ben Shepherd, and Captain Jacob Myers of the “Mayflower,” a well-known character.

* John Cox, John Hoskins, Richard Mott, and George Dillwyn were eminent as preachers. Stephen Grellet had an extraordinary life; born a nobleman, he escaped from France during the terrors of 1793 and became a Missionary among Friends. *Vide* his life, published by Benjamin Seebohn, London. He was a man of excellent talents, and great purity and benevolence. Dr. Hills’ book, to which I have referred before, contains the best account of Talbot, Odell, and Wharton. The Rt. Rev. Charles Pettit McIlvaine, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Ohio, was certainly one of the most distinguished prelates in the Episcopal Church. He was born at the N. W. corner of Broad and Main Streets. His father, the Senator, was a son of Colonel Joseph McIlvaine of the Revolution. His wife was a daughter of Dr. William Coxe. I cannot condense into a note any expression which would convey to those who never knew him the place which Bishop Doane filled in Burlington between 1840 and 1859. Riverside was an Episcopal palace, filled always with distinguished men from home and abroad, amongst whom the host was an acknowledged chief. Burlington College was in the beginning of an apparently flourishing life. St. Mary’s Hall was a successful institution. St. Mary’s was the cathedral church of the Diocese, and on every occasion, ecclesiastical, collegiate, social, political, on Commencement Day, at Christmas, on the 4th of July, the Bishop was a prominent and fascinating figure. I shall never forget the wondering admiration with which I used to look at him; and the fascination of his manner—for no one had the gift of charming the young more than he—lingers with me still.

Now as I speak of them under the inspiration of these memories I seem to feel the touch of vanished hands and hear the sound of voices that are still. Before me rise the scenes of other days. I see the brilliant Wall; the rough and ready Engle; the venerable Grellet; Allen, your Mayor for quarter of a century; the little form, too small for such a heart, of William Allinson; the white head of Thomas Milnor; the well-beloved face of Courtlandt Van Rensselaer; and the splendid countenance and manly form of him—the friend of many here—whose name I dare not trust myself to speak! And you, too—friends of my boyhood's days, whom death has crowned with an immortal youth—you, young defenders of my country's honor—Grubb, Chase, Barclay, Baquet, and Van Rensselaer—on such a day as this you, too, shall be remembered!*

* These names need no explanatory note to-day, but I must not forget that a generation is rapidly approaching to whom they will seem as shadowy as do to me most of those which I have mentioned in the preceding paragraph. James W. Wall, often the candidate of his party for Congress and a Senator for a short time in 1860, was a man of brilliant talents, a witty poet, a graceful writer, and an orator of no little power. Frederick Engle, who died a Rear Admiral of the U. S. Navy, was a gallant and distinguished sailor. Of the venerable and excellent Grellet I have already spoken: he lived in Main Street, next the alley called Library Street, opposite Governor Bloomfield's. When it was known that perhaps "Friend Grellet would preach," there were many of the world's people at meeting. I have heard him, and recall a tall slender figure speak-

My countrymen: The age that saw the birth of Burlington has passed away. The passions that

ing with strong French accent, and with French rather than Quaker warmth and vehemence. Wm. R. Allen was a strong man in every sense; he made himself felt in the community in many ways. The name of Allinson is honorably remembered. David Allinson was a publisher and Samuel a brewer; William J. was a druggist and apothecary; he was active in all that concerned the good of Burlington, and was a great benefactor of the Library and other institutions. He had much literary taste, and great antiquarian knowledge and zeal. Thomas Milnor was another excellent man, whose name should not be forgotten. Of the Rev. Dr. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer all Burlingtonians have pleasant memories. His activity in all good works outside of his church, of which he may be called the founder, as well as in it, endeared him greatly to the community. He was a very distinguished minister in the Presbyterian Church, and a man of great learning and culture. Frederick Brown of Philadelphia built his house called "Summer Home" in 1847, and made it his place of refuge from the cares of an active life, as laborious as it was singularly useful, until his death in 1864. Here were the extensive graperies filled with well-selected vines, the orchards of dwarf pears, the rare plants and flowers, and the choice trees in which he took such genuine delight and which must ever be associated in his children's minds with the memories of a perfectly happy childhood.

" Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
Debitâ sparges lacrimâ favillam
Patris amici."

There are other names which ought to be remembered on such anniversaries, but those of Isaac Parker Grubb, Richard Chase, Mark Wilkes Collet Barclay, Francis Baquet, and Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, Jr., I love especially to recall. They all died in the active service of their country during the Rebellion. Three of them "with their bodies bore the brunt of battle, and after a short and quickly decided crisis of their fate, at the height of glory, not

raged about her cradle have long been dead. The
 furies of contending creeds have been forgotten,
 and Quaker and Presbyterian, Churchman and
 Catholic, rest in her bosom side by side. The
 twin sycamores by yonder meeting-house stand
 guard above a soil enriched with the bones of six
 generations of your kindred, and the spire of old
 St. Mary's springs from a doubly consecrated
 mould. The tree, the ancient church, the pleas-
 ant field, the flowing river—these shall endure,
 but you shall pass away. The lifeless thing shall
 live and the deathless die. It is God's mystery;
 we cannot solve it. That change that has come
 to all must come to you—and long before this
 story shall be told again, you will have followed
 the footsteps of your fathers. But still on the
 banks of Delaware shall stand your ancient town.
 Time shall not harm her nor age destroy the
 beauty of her face. Wealth may not come to
 her, nor power, nor fame among the cities of the
 earth; but civil freedom and liberty of conscience
 are now her children's birthright, and she rests
 content. Happy, indeed, if they can exclaim,

of fear, yielded up their lives!" Of all it is true that, in those other
 words of Pericles, "they laid down their bodies and their lives for
 their country, and therefore as their private reward they receive a
 deathless fame and the noblest of sepulchres, not so much that in
 which their bones are entombed as that in which their glory is pre-
 served to be had in everlasting remembrance on all occasions, whe-
 ther of speech or action."

with each recurring anniversary, as their fathers did two hundred years ago: "We are a family at peace within ourselves!"*

* Wrote Wm. Penn and others in the 1st month (March), 1683: "Dear friends and brethren, we have no cause to murmur; our lot is fallen every way in a good place, and the Son of God is among us. We are a family at peace within ourselves, and truly great is our joy therefore." I add an amusing quotation from old Gabriel Thomas. Writing in 1698 he says: "Of *Lawyers* and *Physicians* I shall say nothing, because this Country is very Peaceable and Healthy; long may it so continue and never have occasion for the Tongue of the one, nor the Pen of the other, both equally destructive to Men's Estates and Lives; besides forsooth they, Hang-Man like, have a License to Murder and Make Mischief."



“THE SETTLEMENT OF BURLINGTON”

AN ORATION

DELIVERED IN THAT CITY, DECEMBER 6, 1877

BY

HENRY ARMITT BROWN

IN COMMEMORATION OF

THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

of its Settlement by the passengers of the good ship Kent,

who landed at Raccoon Creek, Aug. 16th, O. S.,

and laid out the town on Chygoe's Island

“towards ye latter part of ye

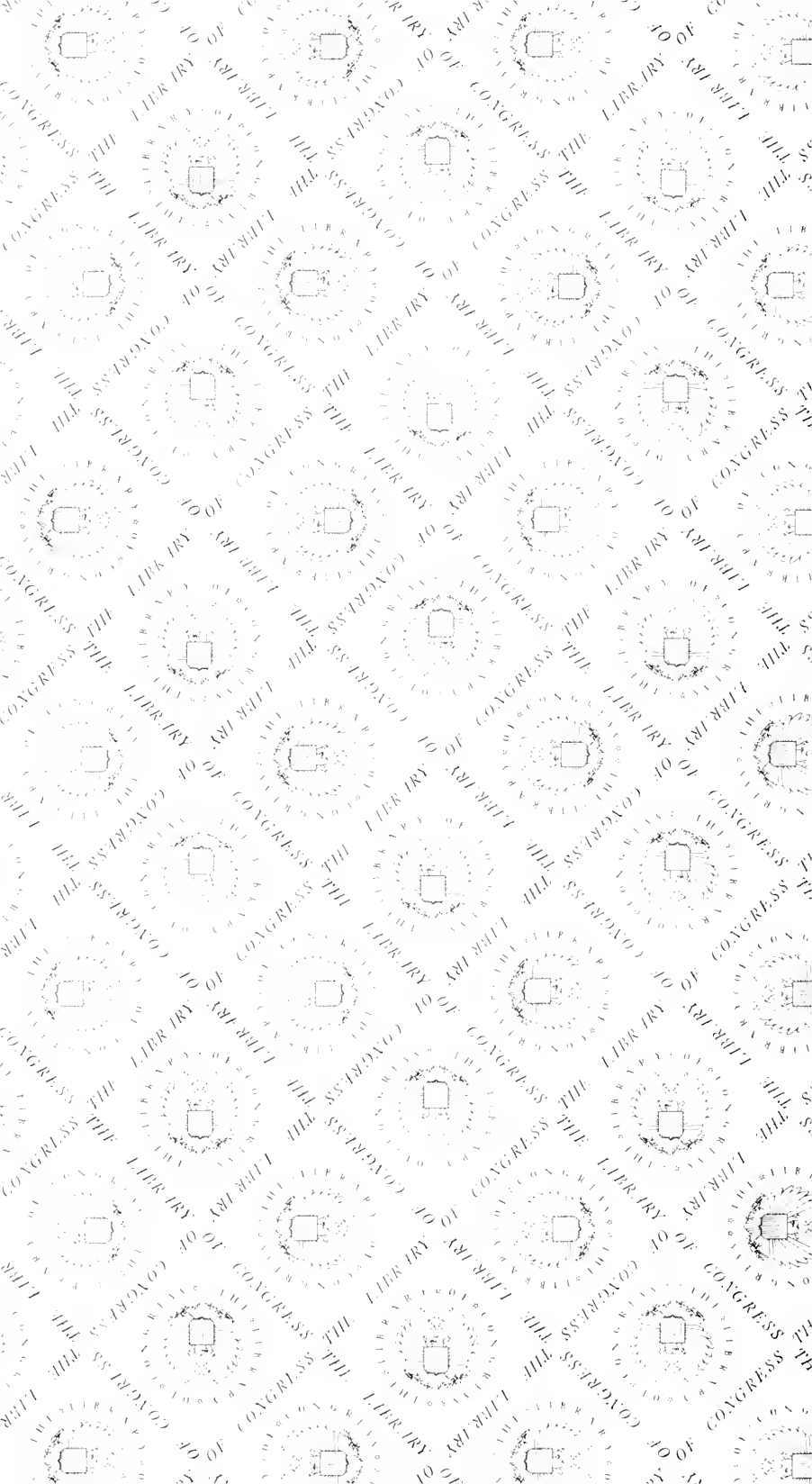
8th month,” 1677

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